

Along the Grand Canal,

Kiang-su, China, June 17, 1897.

The Shanghai of which the foreigners hear and which the traveler visits is neither China nor Chinese. Coming to it first from another land it might seem Chinese, but coming from Canton or inland cities there seems to be ^{far} less of China about it than there is of India in Calcutta or of China in Hong Kong. The native city is of the essence of China but its dirty, walled-in existence has been lost to knowledge in the pre-existence of the foreign concessions with their fine, ^{modern} streets and buildings and their ^{civilized} ~~modern~~ life. Great multitudes of Chinese, ^{however,} are employed, ^{and live} in the concessions and an enthusiastic mission work is carried on among them, our own mission having two well established churches, one at Hong Kew with its own pastor, largely helped in his work by Dr. Parham and the other wholly self supporting in connection with the great Mission Press which turns out annually nearly 5000000 pages of Scripture and religious literature and is also a sort of head and heart of the vast mission enterprise in China. Remotely from the mingling of European ^{or American} and Chinese people in which the European ^{and American} elements overwhelmingly predominate in influence, giving the tone to the whole, our mission has another center of work at the South Gate where the native city melts away into numerous villages and where, nearly a "baby tower", a small white octagonal building with two ^{little} ~~small~~ trap windows for the reception of baby bodies dead or, ^{possibly in rare cases,} alive, a strong force of young missionaries are living and working

with ease and tireless devotion

To travel inland from Shanghai meant in former days long and tedious journeys by slow boats. Now, however, comfortable steamers run up the Yang-tze and many lines of steam tug draw house boats of all kinds through the canals to the more important accessible cities. These canals intersect the country in all directions and one of them, the Soochow canal, was shipped out of ^{Shanghai} Canton in "the quiet land" of a dog's jaw evening. The tug that drew us, and drew also six other boats like ours, boats of three staterooms each, called after the place where they are made, wa-sih-kwai. This mode of improved navigation is probably the best and more economical that could be devised and operated at present in China. It was impossible to do anything that would go further toward throwing out of employment the large number of boat people. By afternoon of the following day we reached Soochow. Here then the grace of the water was less as there or four days' journey.

Soochow is a city of 500,000 inhabitants, well-walled, with ^{one} ~~the~~ side each of which has also a water pole; for the city is threaded with a net work of canals. The city is noted for its fine clothing. The Emperor's wardrobe is supplied from two cities, one of which is Soochow where in a large garden guarded all round by stone lions, and presided over by a high official the royal garments are made. The Chinese have a saying "Heaven above, and Soochow and Hangchow below." But the present era in the city's history goes when its population is supposed to have been three or four times what it is now. The Taiping rebels made sad

house of it and the city is free now of waste places and of mounds of rubbish from the buildings the rebels destroyed to get their timber for their fires.

Three missions have headquarters in Soochow besides our own. The Southern Methodists and the Southern Presbyterians have each a share for two and one man and his wife represent the Southern Baptists. The Methodists have concentrated two for at one point while ~~our own mis-~~ sionaries and our Southern brethren have scattered. There is much to be said in behalf of either policy. At one of our centres is the boys' boarding school with the church in which the people have great pride, tho' it is a most simple, bare building, because they invested a great deal in it themselves. One old woman whose husband had left her a little money bought her coffin, laid long acids for her few needs and her burial expenses and gave the rest to the church. The Secord centre is in the ^{fine or nice} country, ~~some~~ miles from the wall and the third is near the West gate in one of the busiest sections of the city, which at this point extends as far beyond the wall as in ^{some} other places it falls short of reaching to them. It is in this section that Mr. Nathaniel J. Tucker of New York is erecting a woman's hospital in memory of his wife in connection with which he intends to support two women doctors and build a home for their residence. The Soochow people have gained a reputation for special hardness of heart and indifference. One man by name seemed so dead to all spiritual interest that a missionary ^{deaf} visiting it and preaching to its people faithfully found them so ~~deaf~~ that he could only reach interest by going up and down the streets

crying in a loud voice, "Requit for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The medical work of the Mithodists is proving very fruitful in breaking up their indifference in Soochow. The new Memorial Hospital are aids.

From Soochow to Hangchow is the Southernmost reach of the Grand Canal which runs northward through the provinces of Kiang-tsu, Chantung and Pechi-li^{to Peking}. For eight centuries the life of China has crept up and down its sluggish waters. The steam tug, converted to the use, seems an impertinence and an intrusion upon the sanctities of the sacred age. A red glow of sunset lay over the wide fields and on the distant hills as she glided into the great water way and turned southward. On the wide wooden path along the edge of the canal the farmers were pressing home, the tired, earth-soled buffaloes driven ahead and the ~~farmers~~^{men} carrying their light plow or harrow on their shoulders. Grey stone arch-ways, decorated with carved lions and dragons, stood out distinct against the soft, passing light, on the bank, commemorating the faithfulness of widows who were true to the memory of their dead and remained true to them alone. Fine red stone bridges, of square sharp angles or delicately arched, passed over our heads and small canals ran off right and left to villages and hamlets back amid the green coffee. Presently the red light faded into grey and in the quietness I could hear the voice of Mr. Garnier, who was with me, telling the good news of the Saviour with an earnest and fluent speech to the Chinese boatmen and the passengers of the boat just passing over in the long line drawn by the tug. The moon came out presently and the calm, loving voice was still speaking.

Stopping now and then for a question. I asked ^{after a while} ~~frantically~~ and the man was
 (this speaking) and I thought of another missionary, whose advice was
 his own practice, "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season." Then
 my thoughts went back to Dr. Mitchell's ride past this same village
 and city eight years ago last November and I sat up in the
 stumpy little boat to look at the beached men, which had so thrilled
 and fired his heart. One ^{place} after another slipped past. Now it was only a
 village and again a walled city. Now all was still and again there was
 the heavy murmur of voices. So some of these greater cities a few mis-
 sionaries from the Southern Presbyterian Church have come since Dr.
 Mitchell passed out of his suffering into the restful service of the saints
 on high, but though one fourth of a generation has passed since then only
 a few of these places have been occupied. Very peaceful and still did
 the great life of China lie in the faint light. Or was it ~~not~~ the great death
 of China? And then I looked up at the ~~great~~ red face moon, the same
 moon that eighteen centuries ago looked down upon the ~~poor~~ suffer-
 ings and death of ~~the~~ who was lifted up to draw all men unto
 himself. How long are we compelling Him to wait!

Toward evening of the day after leaving Soochow we reached Hang-
 chow; the little boat into which we had been transferred so as to
 enter the city was drawn up a mud slide, taking the place of a lock,
 between two canal locks, and we were sculled through a stream of
 saffron foulness and past innumerable fifth boats which I venture
 to mention only because all this is a miracle and a rancorousness
 here of which people at home can gain no idea except by hearing

their senses of smell over here. It was like an instantaneous sunrise with no preceding twilight, to step out of the stench and filth of the streams and the streets into a clean, single mission compound.

Hongchow is a busy, active city straggling towards the currents of progress which have flowed from the humiliation of China in the war with Japan. Buddhist monasteries and Confucian endowments have been impudently to hand and support a missionary school in which a German text-book on tao-tee is taught through a Chinese translation of it and a college for the teaching of English, mathematics and sciences. Mr. Motax, of our mission, gives a hour time daily to the superintendence of this new college and one of the two native teachers is an earnest Christian man. Foreign restaurants have been opened to meet the fashionable whim of the wealthy merchants and officials who were invited to take the first meal in the new eatery which is owned by a stock company about one third of whose stock is held by native Christians. These Christians desired to have the place closed on Sunday, but when the majority prevailed against this, they avowed that they would receive none of the profits from Sunday opening. How many ^{Christian} stock holders in American rail-roads, restaurants or other concerns pursue an consistent course? Both at Hongchow and Soochow there are new concessions with scores of new buildings, many of them built using foreign machinery introduced and owned by the new capital. The people of all classes are eager to anticipate the foreigner and retain the profits of the new trade in Chinese hands.

The memory of Mr. Minnie is still present in Hongchow, though

he lived there less than a year and the present Boys' School, the oldest and strongest school in our mission was one under his superintendence before it was moved from Ningpo. Mr. Judson has put a useful life into this institution and into the lives of the boys who have been in it during the last 18 years. Of this and every branch of our work in Hangchow there is greater need, as well as of the earnest work of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of England and of the Southern Presbyterian who work harmoniously with our own missionaries. A rich pleasant unity of feeling among the missionaries of different bodies as exists at Sochow and Hangchow has been delightful to us.

The idols of Hangchow are innumerable. The temples are filled with them and wherever a change in the face of the street produces a dead wall or shrine we probably be found enclosing a hideous figure whose frightful face looks out through a round hole in the framework of stone which shuts him in. Idol factories are passed along the street and hundreds of Buddhist priests with shaved heads and the burned marks of their devotion on their scalps through the war-actress a chaut moucer for the dead or lounge leaning in the shop door. They ^{- idols and priests -} make up the popular ideal of religion and holiness.

Robert E. Speer,

Through the Persian Gulf to Muscat and to India

Rangoon, Birmah, March 26, 1897

Our long ride down the Carpe Road ended at Bagdad. There we exchanged the hard but invigorating method of travel that has brought us to the city of the Caliph for the very easy, Tigris river boats and in three days slipped down to Busra, a distance as great as ^{our} long horse back ride of the week from Hamadan. From Busra, whose heavy river boat to the early years of the Arab invasion of Irak, made but comfort able ocean-going boats run down the broad that is Arab the river made by the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates, through the Persian Gulf and across the Indian Ocean to Kurrachee and Bombay. There is a bar at the mouth of the that is Arab and one over the large ships can steam up to Busra, the port of entrance for all imports for Mesopotamia and western Persia south of the Persian fird from Russia. The Turks are very peevish and suspicious and while glad of all opportunities to increase their revenues, take odd ways to encumber open trade. A few gun boats guard the river. They are Turkish gun boats and accordingly would do no harm. One of them is said to have sold its boiler a little while ago to pay back wages. A British gun boat bravely sailed against them on its way up the river. Immediately after a boat put out from the Turkish gun boat and began to throw down powder with which to return the salute! The proper of pay accompanied the request.

✓ At the mouth of the that is Arab its road reaches through groves of date palms like Mohamurah a city in Persian territory, at the

Karem

mouth also of the ~~Musaka~~ ^{Southern} river which runs up to Muskat, the most important and bigoted city in ^{Southern} Western Persia. Englishmen have been that it was cut in its stride in good days. For years a large party of English business men and diplomats have advocated a line of commerce and trade into Persia by way of Mohammerah, the Karem Muskat and Kerm. There was a real business of trade at Mohammerah when we stopped. Busra had established a severe quarantine against Persia partly because there is plague in India. By way of retaliation the Persian quarantined against Busra. The Turks and Persians were no less on each other. An Arabian said to me coming down, "Osmani and Busra very bad, Persian not so very bad, English very good." It is nonsense to fear any general Moslem disturbance throughout the world as a result of the Russian force. Arabia does not acknowledge his Caliphate. The Arabs spare him and are his enemies.

The Arab are ripe when the Osmani oppression comes to an end. He is over ridden and over taxed. Stamp rule has brought him no blessing. It has suppressed his tribal war, tho' it has not desired to suppress his tribal jealousy. One by fastening there can be abuse rule with hypocrisy and ease. The tyranny of the Turk the Arab fear and endure. But the tyrannical over rule on also he can. On the ship he is the busy among the deck passengers. One a party of them were boarded one of the ships of the British India Company and plundered the specie room of thousands of Rupees. An old Sheikh brought enough men to evade for the robbery so that the British India ship fire Salutar steel in possessing the "palace" of his son.

The deck of the ship is free of travellers, many of them pilgrims returning to India or to the Persian ports along the Gulf from their visits to the Holy Shrines at Mebela. The deck passengers carry all their household goods and their - beds, mats, stoves, food. In their cages they have pigeons or chickens for their use. Joints of meat hang about on the railing or among beams and at meal times a great stench arises from the mixture of herbs and pounded grain with which they prepare their food. By day and night eating they are coupled with their lamentations. I dare not call them cleanings. That they are not. Sometimes fire water is used. One or two specially pious pilgrims have tubs full of sand from Mecca which are wrung up in dirty rags. This sand is never washed and is used constantly to "clean" hands, faces and heads. It ought not to be used when water is available, but Mecca is a holy place and the holiness of the sand excuses the slight impurity of the Karan.

It was Ramadan when we came down the Gulf, so the Moslem passengers were very scrupulous. They as travellers are exempt from the law of fasting which prevails from Mecca to Suez each day of the month of Ramadan and also for their exemption by special law in their other duties. Ramadan is the month in which according to Mohammedans all the scriptures came down in their month, the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospels and the Koran. Accordingly our Lord Mohammedan asserted, at least making the Koran which is so superior to the preceding scriptures that they deserve no

attention. Boatmen, shop-keepers, laborers, all who can read the Arabic
 whether they understand or not, spend hours during Ramadan over
 their sacred book.

The south coast of Persia is a desolate and inhospitable shore.
 The coast line by land is narrow, sandy, and unbreachable. Just
 back of it rise the mountainous ranges on which the
 great Persian plateau sits. In the summer the land wind
 blows over from the Arabian desert and the mountain wall of
 rock flings the heat down in great furnace blasts. Seamen
 have assigned to the Gulf. Along this narrow coast border
 called Arabistan because so many Arabs have come over to it
 (the denomination "istan" means "land of") lies a long separated
 set of towns, better walled than the Persian villages of the north,
 and peopled by a mixed multitude, Arab and unArab, of all these
 towns Bushire is the most important. In its harbor the Persian
 navy floats. One anchor holds it. It is a pretty boat. Built
 in Germany, and paid for in part, it is said, by the German
 Government. Returns have been made by way of long working,
 so brittle and concealed. The pole on one's face is not less obvious.
 The English Commodore of the navy had just been asked to accept
 some said Bushire did not like his employment. Others declared that
 he had expected the crew to work and that that led to mutiny.

East of Bushire lie the islands of Ormuz which ports the
 route a byway for the wealth of the East in the days when
 the reach blinded the eyes of the European sailors and sent

them on a search for the ^{touch} ~~light~~ of jewels and all of the treasures
 won. An old ruin marks the site of a Portuguese fort at one
 end of the island and an ancient light house stands like a finger
 at the other end. But the most manifest evidence of the old days of
 Romance are found at Muscat. The very atmosphere of honey hangs
 over the place. The harbor is in the jaws of two rocky ledges at the
 angle of which the town lies, guarded on either side by granite
 forts which crown the heads of the mountain ledges. One was built
 by the Portuguese in 1588 and was abandoned by them when the Arabs
 took them over and the others left in 1645. The deep crimson
 flag of Arabia floated out over the forts and the Sultan's palace
 it was the day of the great feast which follows the feast of Ram-
 azan and all the people had made their annual change to
 clean clothes white from the caravans and the French gun boat in
 the harbor flew colors which almost surpassed in variety and
 radiance the red, yellow, Jappon, green, blue and white dresses of
 the people. There is a great air of brigandage in Muscat. The
 steam track still goes on along the coast of Oman and in one
 of the old forts, picked over that muck, we saw the room in
 which the late grand vizier had been first fastened. Coming out
 we met the new grand vizier in the street. He was very polite
 and as we don't shake hands with grand viziers of states
 every day we swallowed our repugnance and stood in the flag
 gun which we returned suitable greetings and assumed his guest.
 one. The Zanzibar dominions of the Sultan of Oman have

slipped away through a delicate cogwheel, into England's hands and the Sultan himself is a protégé of England and France, none

Man Boydas to India along our route, the only missionary work is carried on by the little Arabian Mission of the W. A. S. Reformed Church. The mission in those numbers - four men and one woman but they have lion's hearts, as one of the ship captains said of Mr. J. M. Zwemer. At Bahrain, where the great pearl fisheries are, they have raised a post here and at Muscat Mr. Peter Zwemer has found an entrance into the gates of Oman for the sale of Bibles. In Muscat he has an interesting school of eighteen slave boys. The English consul heard of the attempt to smuggle these little fellows in and one night with one servant went out and captured the treacher who had charge of them. He then turned them over to Mr. Zwemer to teach and train while they are eighteen when they are given free liberation papers. When the little fellows first came to Mr. Zwemer's house they were so cowed and terrified by their long journey as slaves, that they huddled together and dared not even smile. As time has passed however and the tractable children are as obedient yet as joyful as could be

The slave trade is not dead yet. And as I stood in the presence of this little group and saw the traces of the slave's pain on the face of many of them and heard their stories, how they had come from as near Central Africa, from from here and loved ones, packed like dead cattle in small boats

and were bound for the dot plantations when resumed; when I thought of all the hideous details of the story and looked down into their quiet, innocent faces, I understood as never before what it was that blazed at the souls of Clarkson and Gibbs, fine and Justice Beaton and how it was that no storm, no tempest, no other could make them sever from their fine and unswerving love to vindicate the chattel in the rights of man.

Out of Muscat we sailed into the Arabian sea and all the night long it blazed like a sea of fire. From the bow of the ship the phosphorescence raged away in great waves of luminous emerald. Flying fish shot over the surface like rockets. Great lanes of jelly fish stirred up, in the ship's wake, foamed like the Turkish waves, and the track of the ship astern was aglow with a glow like that of the lanterns of the children of God or of the good dog.

"When universal love is each man's rule
and universal peace his like a raft of light across the sea
and like a lane of beams athwart the sea."

Robert E. Lee

By the Grave of Esther

Hannabad, Persia, February 3, 1896

I am writing this letter under difficulties. We are delayed here at the foot of the pass over the mountains to the east on our way to Bagdad by the rain and snow which have been falling steadily since we got up at four o'clock this morning for an early start. We are in a dirt house in which stable and living apartments are all one. The doors open on the one common yard which is a great pool of water and mud. The rain drips through the roof into shoes or provisions or on beds - when it can. The mice and chickens trample over the floor of earth. There are no air doors and through the open doors half a dozen women have come in to do the Jewish woman and are sitting crowded about us near one open door while the steady downpour continues without. The mice ate holes in our bag of cracked wheat last night and run around in plain light over the green branches on which the leaves and mud of the roof rest. A new detachment of women has just come, wet and bedraggled. The "bride", i. e., the new daughter in law of the family, a little girl of thirteen brings two fine visitors in. She has an abacus of the house at present set aside for her but the women crowd cheaply and crowd of her wife's possessions, but the first days will soon be over and the dead dreariness of a Moslem woman's life in this degraded, animal-like house of these wretched villages will begin.

The misery and squalor of life here make even more vivid and delightful the recollections of our long stay in Hannabad under the very shadow of Esther's tomb and Mardacai. Just outside the gate of the

The Jewish quarters in which our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes, live, is a little open space used for the lumber market, the ^{small,} trees solid, most thick woods alone stands, with an inscription on the dome that makes the tree deep eleven hundred years old. The Jews have no traditions which attempt to explain the removal of the bodies of Esther and Mordecai, but on the feast of Purim they come in companies to the tomb in remembrance of the deliverance the Hebrew girl and her uncle wrought for Israel. By the side of a stream running precipitously through the city is the tomb of Anicava, also, the great physician, of the 11th century, the man who met the tomb had himself buried by Anicava's side, to catch a few rays of the great world's glory. What a deliverance Westminster Abbey has been to Great Britain!

A work devoted toward Moslems only and not rooted in a non-Moslem community would not be tolerated in Persia now. Our Ormuzah work is first for Westons, in Tabriz, for Armenians, and in Hamadan for Armenians and Jews. The Jews of Persia have been especially accessible to the missionary. Centuries of Moslem influence and oppression have weakened their almost unpreparable fidelity to their national traditions and a shrewd perception has led them to listen to the missionary and to welcome him for the supposed political advantage of his presence. In Hamadan the Jews have been very friendly, a ^{Jewish} ^{fifteen} small church of ^{Jewish} members has been organized and the largest room of the Bazaar School building is crowded each Sunday with Jews who listen devoutly. Some of the best fruits of the work in Hamadan have been Jewish boys who have been trained in our school, taught ^{by} medicine of Dr. Holmes, and as soon

to begin work, the old Jewish doctors, who have had, most of the medical prac-
 tice of the city, have been very open and for a long time ^{it} ~~there~~ ^{to be} ~~deemed~~ ^{ful} ~~that~~
 they would come to Christianity in a body. They have had to be handled carefully,
 however, as many of them had joined the Babis and the Bab's troops given
 this proffered a dispensation to assemble or to be in the concealment
 of the religion, it was hard to detect honest from unwise inquirers
 There are from 3000 to 5000 Jews in Hamadan. They live in great burrows
 almost like rabbits, undisturbed by fire and disorder. There are only two
 Synagogues in Hamadan, while in Schiraz for a number about the same
 there are ten times as many. For twenty years prior to 1890, keeping pace
 with the increasing spirit of tolerance under Nasir-ed-din Shah, the condition
 of the Jews steadily improved. With the great loss of civic precedence due to
 the overthrow of the Tobacco Monopoly, which was supported by the Shah and
 opposed by the ecclesiasticals, and which set Persia back as one intelligent
 man would see "a generation", the retrograde movement began. Since 1890 the
 "Wazir" has increased their power and have whenever possible rest-
 torated the old religious intolerance which the late Shah steadily re-
 pressed. Now the Jews of Hamadan are obliged to wear a red badge to
 mark their nationality, are harassed in a dozen ways and persecuted
 at times, especially upon the ecclesiastical courts which have preside-
 over over a large class of what we should call civic crimes.

The Hamadan Armenians are the best, most attractive Armenians
 we have met in Persia. Elsewhere ^{many} ~~they~~ have been spoiled by taking foreign
 ways, by following the nationalist agitation to the destruction of both
 reasonableness and the kingdom of God, and by petty quarreling among

themselves and with their friends, by a small price, and they guard of pain
 that they have been remote from associations with the European Com-
 mercial element and have buried private ambitions in the common
 interest. As a result they have exceptional privileges and advantages.
 There are about fifty houses in all, or two hundred and fifty people, al-
 most all of whom have come into ^{external} ~~with~~ conversation at least to the Evangelical
 church, which has its own attractive building, toward the east of which the
 Mahomedan houses are found. In breaking with the Persian church ex-
 cess the people have not abandoned its good customs and at this
 Christmas season - the Persian Christmas day is January 16, - the whole
 body of men goes from house to house calling, devoting the whole week
 to friendly and consolidating intercourse. The Armenians have been the
 tobacco-keepers, the wine merchants of Hamadan. No liquor drunk, in
 spite of their prohibitions, - enough of them to create a demand which
 the ~~Armenian~~ few of gain has bid some of the Hamadan Armenians
 to supply. The power of the Evangelical Church is in this business. It is
 left to the ~~the~~ church people whose parents for three generations have pre-
 loved it. The Armenians complain with reason of an increase of ^{Muslim} intolerance.
 The Bible Society's great aim is that there was a great tightening of the link of
 Islam; that those who formerly bought openly, now speak with him secretly;
 that the fear of ^{Mujtahid} mullah and Mujtahid is increased. The British minister in
 Tehran told us this summer that he everywhere a growth of intolerance
 and disorder, that foreigners had been shot at even in the streets of
 Shiraz. The non-Muslim populations feel again the bitterness of a lot
 which has been theirs and will soon be when the Moslem Church has

Power

Nowhere have there been better evidence of this than in Hamadan, since the force of the Tobacco monopoly, the dominant one in the city, has been with the governor's out that of Waelon Abdallah, an old and probably sincere, though ignorant, man on whom had the mob waited, several governors tried to govern, but were driven away or rendered useless by the people. The house of one was looted and his own soldiers refused to defend him. The wazir was ordered away and prepared to go but the mob brought him back. ~~At last he~~ ^{at last he} was taken to Zehran but when his death drew near the Shah did not want him to perish on his hands and sent him back. He resumed his rule. The Jewish quarter was attacked. Several lives at his word. He died just before our arrival and there was suspicion among the missionaries but this should be ^{of the people} worse expressed at his death, played upon by the priests who circulated the story that he had spoken from his grave. Intolerance, jealousy among the Moslems have given rise to factions and no one of them can explain Abdallah's power of life and death, of peace and disorder.

With all the increase of religious intolerance and fanaticism which is felt everywhere out of the capital, and in Larajan means there also, there is an open field for work. It must be done quietly and tactfully and in the line of international frequency given from Zehran, but the Moslems who freely accept the aid of our medical missionaries can not and do not appear to listen to the reasons for their coming here. Dr. Holman was Abdallah's physician, as he is the Governor's, and he was free to speak to each. In the cities and villages alike there are

whom God would save
 there ~~to be saved~~ and there is access to them. The Hamadan pines have a
 large number of villages and cities assigned ^{to} it. Its boundaries run from
 Dehla to ^{Sinjan} Kassar, from Sinjan to Karayban, from Karayban to Koshan,
 thence to ^{Khoramabad} Khoramabad and the Turkish border as far as the front where a
 line from Sinjan through Dehla crossed meet it. In this district are eight
 cities with populations of from 10000 to 60000 and scores of pleasant trees
 of villages. In one large plain in which are supposed there were
 fifteen villages are found there were fifty one. Dr. Mead once deeply im-
 pressed as he came over the same road we traveled to Hamadan, on
 his way to the Hamadan Conference, with the almost innumerable villages
 passed in which no missionary had ever stopped even on horse with
 the message of the World's Redeemer.

Native workers are reaching some of these villages and are so
 enterprise, as our Hamadan schools do their work. Of the ten graduates
 of the Boys' School there are in business, four ^{and one is dead} doctors, or studying medicine,
 two evangelists, ~~two~~ ^{and one is dead} teachers. Two teachers and one evangelist have been
 prepared, who were not graduated. Are the children of the American communi-
 ty who attend school are in the Girls' school, "the Sacred Haban." There
 are no Georgian schools. The Georgian Church in Hamadan has gradually
 fallen away into a tumble-down building, a few arched pillars and a grass
 yard.

^{Hamadan}
 The present governor of ~~Hamadan~~ is Azad-i-Sowleh, a son
 of Faik Ali Shah, the present Shah's grandfather. Faik Ali was noted for
 the luxuriance of his beard and the number of his sons, of whom
 only two remain. The governor is an old man and not strong but

he is very friendly to the missionaries and their work. The preceding
 governor the Amir-i-Hizari, who is one of the straight and arched
 set men in Persia, was a Russian sympathizer, hostile to our work
 and in fact. He resides now in Hermaushah where he was first
 our little school and devoted ^{helper} before trouble. He came here with power
 now and he returned the first case. He is nearly seventy and intends
 to start on the long pilgrimage to Mecca this summer. He inquired
 about our pilgrimages to Jerusalem and listened intently to a state
 ment of our true religion. ~~During~~ The last case ^{was much interrupted} ~~the case was interrupted~~
~~because~~ because of the ^{theft} theft of six thousand tomans from a ^{traveller} Traveller,
 the news of the recovery of which ~~was brought in~~ and of the capture
^{was brought in during our visit.}
 of the thief, the Governor took four hundred as his share and the
 expressed the story to the Shah. His Superior Kadivah took cognizance of
 these ^{matters} ~~matters~~ the old Governor said playfully, losing his hand on
 DeHolmes' arm, whom he had hit inside him each time, "I will tell
 the name of the robber only to DeHolmes." DeHolmes has ~~the~~ great
 power of winning the love of his ^{own} great subjects, and of other
 people, too.

The medical work has an almost wondrous power in a Moslem land.
 With a power like death's it slays the life of Islam. With the power of the
^{life} life it lays the foundation of the Faith. There was ^{now} called the Christian's
 touch pollution, his hand unclean, let it lay upon their very hearts. What
 can they say when their hand has brought healing and life? And there
 is perhaps need of enlightened medical work here. The Jewish doctors
 do not hesitate to attempt the most delicate operations with old eyes

from which the blood of the last operation has not been wiped away. The Moslem medical knowledge is on a level with the science of the astrologer who sits in the street here ready to tell you what hours and days are propitious times. Sometimes it is worse than that. Dr. Wilson had a case, which we met in Hamadan, of a poor, naked child, lying on the earthen floor of its home, with only a dirty, thin blanket for bed and covering, whose life had been expected - and a slight case was. A native doctor, however, had put a medicine on it that set off the whole life. How explicit is much suffering as he believes here. When the curtain of the harem, with its little girls within, is lifted, can he show us that he does not expect more?

At the close of some delightful conferences in which we were all on one board, of one ^{heart} mind, of one accord, I asked what were the great conditions made of the situation which they would want to lay with longing and prayer upon the proper life of the home Church. The words they mentioned resolved themselves into these: that the hearts of Moslems may be opened and that they may receive the truth; that the ecclesiastical system of Islam may be ^{shattered} shattered; that religious liberty may be soon secured in Persia; that the missionary spirit may fill the native church; that "the mind of Christ Jesus may be in us." If the mind of Christ be here who was the light of the world, who came to reconcile the world unto himself, who died the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, be in the home Church, are not these requests for prayer to be heeded? Let us ask and receive in behalf of Persia and the missionaries of Persia

Robert C. Steer

MAY 17 1897

DR. BROWN.

Through Plague and Famine

On the Bay of Bengal, March 27, 1897

We left Howadan January 21st. The ride to Bagdad led over the Caspian Road, across the Zagros mountains, down into the broad plains which reach out into Mesopotamia. From Bagdad it was easy, very easy compared with the hard riding in mud and storm, to glide down to Tyre River to Basra where good steamer for India made the journey, down the Persian Gulf earlier still. We embarked in the harbor of plague smitten Kurrachee Monday morning, March 8th. There was a spirit of unrest and of death in the place and we passed on at last as we could, accompanied by many natives who fled from the fatal touch of the plague. At each large station along the road as we went northward through Sind and along the western border of Rajputana into the Punjab, there were examinations of the passengers. One wonders, though, that there were so slight and suspicious and that other parts of the country seem to fear to have the plague scourge which works at man and defies him. It is said that the spring washes check the plague. Why good great ditch a river rather than the spread of its barren where famine is already devastating the people.

The plains of Northern India are not unlike our own western plains. It was easy to imagine that as we were riding west then or down the Mexico plateau. The dust came in with a howling heatiness and we were glad at the end of an eight hundred mile ride from the war kept, were fatigued hearts of those

locks, part of which lay along the wide sandy beach of the Andes, to step out into the midst of a thick grove of towering bearded mistletoes at Kohare, the capital of the Punjab rich in memories of Hindu, Mogul and Sikh, and richer still though the work and lives of men like Toroman whose name is held still in veneration and love. It was the time of the government examinations and two classes of the Toroman Christian College had "gone up" to them. No one at home can imagine the present ambition of the Hindu or Mohammedan student to pass these tests. If he fails he drops back into the great undistinguished, miscellaneous mob. If he succeeds he rises into the class of acknowledged men, the class of intelligents, of government so far as the matter goes part in it, of respectability, of new clothes and respect than the mass. I have seen hard "cramming" at home but as big hoaps as the examination for these men, after in a liberal sense Hindu men have turned not seldom to the shops of Munich. The system has great disadvantages. It is doubtful whether they balance its commendations. A Bengali student has found in it a hint for the exercise of the Queen's benevolence at the coming twentieth anniversary of her accession. "but extra marks be given to all students in the tests", says he, with unexpressed ingenuitism.

The college stands at the head of Punjab institutions in many ways. It might be doubted whether there is a more effective, vigorous mission, college in India. As one of the students of the college expressed it in a characteristically vivid Oriental

address, "Your incessant efforts in transplanting to our Indian soil such American flowers as Dr. Ewing and Opbison, Messrs. Vetter, Foxwood and Morrison have spread a delicious fragrance of moral and spiritual instruction. xx. They have by their strenuous exertions raised this college to a height of literary excellence that makes it unrivalled in the whole of this Province. Year by year they have sent into the world graduates superior in numbers to other colleges some of whom have brilliantly distinguished themselves in various examinations. xxi. We are constrained to say that the introduction of Christianity into this Country is helping to dispel the darkness of ignorance and is elevating the condition of our Country. Sir, we are deeply grateful to your Country which has by the sacrifice of men and money helped India to rise being somewhat in the scale of material. We welcome you in our midst and pray you to carry with you, when you return home, a grateful sense of our membership and too your people to continue to keep a Country seeking enlightenment and regeneration."

Persia and China being the fields which we have had specially in view, it has been necessary to hasten rapidly across India and so after a brief glimpse at the great Rang Mahal school in Lahore city where thousands of boys have been taught, at the native Church and at the ruins of past glory, sadly marred by the devastation ^{band} of the iconoclastic Sikhs we passed down one of the India roadways with iron slopes, stone telegraph poles and water towers just like Hindu temples to Agre. In Persia we

Bordered the traveler's tents, save at Plesopolis, no real trace of the mighty splendour of gold and marble and precious stones described by the classical historians of the day, & it is only a common proverb of the dried brick and flat brownness. No inspiration is satisfied at Agra. I had begun to doubt whether all the glory of the fort was not a hyperbolic dream of the novelist. Agra shows that it was more as the legends say. There was a time when kings lived in marble palaces and traded jewels as if they were account and breathed the dust of Arabia. When Akbar built the great brown stone fort, at Agra overlooking the Jumna and Shah-Jahan, his grandson, added to it white marble beaux gilded with jewels and radiated with gold, and built in fair view of his palace the Dowry the Taj, to which it is sacrilege to apply adjectives, the tones of his queen, - those were the days of glory. There was wealth and royal magnificence then. Royalty was not maintained then, just for the tradition of it.

Under the shadow of the Fort and the Taj, the famine relief works were employing thousands of starving men and women and little ones. A starving child is the most heart rending sight I have ever seen; pinched, wizened face; thin, shrivelled little arms, the dark skin drawn tight, though heavily wrinkled and leamed like the face of an old man, the pale, death-portending tones of the weary little legs. The famine relief funds come now too soon, and thousands of these little ones carry their little baskets of earth down by their mothers' sides and receive a few cents each day for their

labor, & will cough but loathe to buy cheap food. He passed down into the heart of the famine as we knew was Allahabad. The North West Provinces are suffering worst and as Allahabad we saw a group of the little children whom one of the missionaries at her own expense was saving from death, in the spirit of their who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. I dare not describe that group in the Sarah Lawrence Hospital in one word and called "killed babies" because it was presumed from a cocture washed into which its mother had plunged it to die, after she had first wrapped its neck. Why was that not hated, the worded say, than to watch the little life starved painfully out before her eyes?

It would doubtless be productive of many "Pro-Christians" but one can not help wishing that the immense relief funds contributed in England and elsewhere might be wholly administered by the missionaries. The natives of India are so much sooty-skinned or even business proverbs than Persians and Turks. Underneath that thin surface you have stern English righteousness rules as the distasteful and obliquity of the orient. Many in fact in India and it is beneath the zone of British administration that the great bulk of the famine relief funds is disposed of. What does a Hindu grain dealer care for the starving or how can a native supervisor whose one chance is now, be expected to have a higher Code than prevails universally in Asiatic government and are the laws likewise in municipal administration at home?

It will be a long time before famines in India are impossible. The rain fall will be less capricious as the forests are developed but it will still be too variable to insure both ample and regular crops. Rail roads will knit the lands yet closer together. The great work of Stephenson the India railway builder is not done yet though a life of indefatigable energy he has passed away with his greater project of a railroad from Calcutta to Calais, straight across interconnecting Asia and Europe, still unrealized. But the poverty of India, due to whatever cause, underdevelopment or the overdevelopment due to too great a population, will mean famine and want to multitudes for years. The average village home is worth perhaps fifteen dollars or thirty dollars or even less, a month for rent, and possibly in the East West Province or West, one or two dollars for its household furniture and utensils. A dollar will supply a man with a far more expensive outfit of clothes than the great fashionable, careless multitudes possess. The cause of the poor in this poverty is a proverb well tried in India.

We see the land India and its religion Hinduism, but under their surface what a vast collection of people and religions seek to and go. We spent less than a fortnight in the land, but a fortnight of great work had not reached down very deep into the great mystery and wonderland of Indian life. But in that fortnight we saw things, many and many of them horrible, which I have not written here.

Robert E. Lee



Teheran, the life and Death of Persia

Hamadon ~~Persia~~ New York, 13 1897

Persia has had a succession of capitals. Persepolis, under the early kings and Darius who built a magnificent palace here and another at Susa whose ruins, which are near the modern Diefel, was probably the most magnificent of all. Ahemenes had his winter capital at Susa and his summer capital at Ekbatana, the modern Hamadan. Persepolis was the capital at the time of Alexander's invasion in the fourth century B.C. Seleucus, who inherited Syria and the East from the great conqueror made Antioch in Syria his capital. Ashk, the reputed founder of the Parthian dynasty of the Arsacidae fixed his residence at Rhe, a few of whose ruins, the traces of a wall and a tower, are still to be seen. ^{Mosque} was the ~~mosque~~ of Shah Abdul Azim, near Teheran, where the late Shah was assassinated. In the third century, Ardasher founded the Sassanian dynasty and made Madain on the bank of the Tigris the capital of Persia. Madain was still the capital when in the seventh century Yazdegerd lost Persia to the all conquering Arabs, who were reducing the world to subjection to Islam. Under the Moslems Persia was a mere province. Nourah Khan, the grand son of the great Genghis Khan, made Maragha his capital, and a number of his towers are still standing there. Shah Ismail, who established Shah Mohammedanism in Persia, became master of Persia in the opening years of the fifteenth century, and his capital at Tabriz. Ismail's son fixed his capital at Kazerin where Shah Abbas the Great ~~was~~ maintained his court until it was removed to Isfahan. The seat of government was moved to Shiraz by Kerim Khan Zand and Teheran was made

The capital of the kingdom by Agha Mohammed, the first of the Kajar shahs, who still sit upon the throne, about 1788.

Teheran is an Oriental city, playing civilized. It is ⁱⁿ the effort to play this costly and entertaining game that the city has become both the life and the death of Persia. Some improvements have been made of late years in Soling. Trade contributed from America and Europe for famine relief was used to employ men on the streets, and most painful cobble stone sidewalks in one quarter of the city are the result, at Sultanabad which ^{is a new town} and rationally laid out and where Ziegler and Co. have large very interesting there is said to be some evidence of thrift and progress, and the foreign section of business on the Persian Gulf, the seat of British interests, is civilized and wholesome. In the well-watered districts there are some prosperous villages, and in a few places tree groves have been laid out in a sort of mixed Oriental ^{then seems to be prosperous, under the care of the Society, and making} imitation of a Western boom. ^{And of Teheran I shall speak. But with these} generous exceptions, it is roughly true of the rest of Persia that it is either decaying or already decayed.

No East and the West man along side by side. Unpainted camels, loaded with wool, or wheat, or tobacco or anything that an Oriental freight car would carry, drive along the street car tracks and past the well piled street cars. Russian carriages brush past the butcher's horses laden with dressed sheep, beef or lozen hanging down each side of each horse and unprotected alike from the horse and the dirt of the street and the other animals that crowd around. A naked man on his way to the bathhouse meets past as European women dressed as near to the latest fashion as the know and can. The sunrise is greeted by a traditional rocket, made by ^{burning} ~~throwing~~

and pipes, supposed to be a relic of the old fire or sun-worship, but sounding like a gigantic Calthumpian serenade, and a few brass later brass bands are playing in the great Meidan - i. e. Wash or Dree square under the instruction of European teachers, or trained by them. Paved, or macadamized streets kept watered, as in one section, which just inside the Hawadan gate, one of the principal gates was a great stagnant pool with a decomposed horse lying in it. Along many of the streets are street lamps erected for gas, but used now for oil, a sight nowhere else seen in Persia where cities and towns are as black as the evening night, but under these western innovations walk black devils from Africa, green ead descendants of the Prophet of Arabia, white turbaned mullahs, the veiled women of the harems, Kurds and Bakhtiaries from their mountain homes in Eastern Persia and Turke-
 man and Sartans from the East. It is an odd and fascinating Kaleido-
 scope.

The late Shah made the improvement of Teheran his hobby. He shooed the rest of Persia and buried it in the capital, Vicegr and towns and provinces has groaned under its burden of taxation and then again under the added extortion which constituted the fee of its vampire moats or governors. The life has been sucked out of the land into the capital, Teheran has its well made streets, but the country has over two short roads. Teheran has its tiled gates and very gaudy and ugly gated trees, are, but the vicegr has paid taxes on his bones, his buffaloes, his cows, on almost all that he has and has gained. Teheran has its towery and terrace palace and keeps a dozen ^{hundred} harem palaces within sight of the city, but the vicegr dwells in his hovel which nicks his

religion his

his material comforts constitutes a home. All the progress and life to be seen in Persia are in Isfahan. Accustomed to the decadence and the squalor of the rest of the country, the capital breaks as a complete surprise on one who has seen only the minor cities and the village life. Broad streets replace the narrow, sewerish, crooked alleys of other cities. People dare to stroll about, though carriages, after dark. They shun it elsewhere. Trees grow by water courses in the public places and great gardens and parks back of high walls show an energy wholly un-Persian in reclaiming to verdure the barren, desolate plain on which the city is built. Telephone wires run along the streets. The Top Meidan, or gun square, in the center of the city is instinct with life - the life of multitudes of beggars, of lawyers, of petty, movable tradesmen in broad, ^{and} raised and of the forlornest soldiers, "some in rags and some in top", but also some "in velvet brown" or in anything for which in this eastern land "velvet brown" might metaphorically stand. Around this square clusters, surrounded by grateful trees, shading tanks of running water so necessary to Moslem life, the palace of the Shah, the government buildings and near by is the Shah's college, Persia's one poor attempt, excepting the poorer school at Solriz, at education. The Top Meidan is immediately surrounded by painted buildings containing the arsenal, guns and barracks of the artillery of the army, while the Imperial Bank fills the eastern end of the square with a building whose ornamented front, of blue and white, ~~and~~ with the astounding decorations of the fine gates about the square and the gay colors of the artillery buildings assure the traveler who enters from the desolate country and through the

streets from the Kasrin or Hamadan gate, that he had washed from a grey dream amid the scene of the capture of Bagdad in their glory or of the reigns of Shah Ismail or Abbas the Great.

Away from all this strange splendor, in a quiet portion of the city, is the main compound of our mission, containing the chapel, the buildings of the boys' and girls' schools and the residence of Dr. Potter and Mr. Ward. The Armenian Church has its own building to which the late Shah contributed liberally in the Armenian quarter of the city, with its own pastor, who has not yet been installed, but to whose support the people have contributed with an increasing liberality, the station having followed the ^{the amount of} plan of reducing ^{the amount of} its aid. There are about three hundred Armenian houses here, say 1500 Armenians. The number has doubled in five years. Within five or ten miles of Seheran there are four villages with about sixty Armenian houses.

The Mission chapel is the scene of varied activities. On Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, although it requires very close and instructed scrutiny to discern any difference between it and other days in the life of the people, a meeting is had for Mussulmans, to which Mr. Ward is preaching at present. The children of both schools of course attend, but the most interesting sight is the group of Moslem men sitting on the front seats. They quite tactfully marked the presence of five Mallocks at the service I attended. Frequently laymen members of ecclesiastical courts, not to disturb or cause but guests, to hear the Gospel as it is preached. No Moslem women attend. No Moslem men would come if they were not paid. There have been men met at the corner of the street who said "It is our oppo-

the to go to the church there but we dare not." A great many dare, however
 not having enemies or masters worship the movements. After the
 meeting Mr. Ward reaches all he can persuasively and movingly say in his
 house, at the church door, to revive Christianity. There is a meeting of
 a woman's Christian Endeavor Society where under Mrs. Potter a very sweet
 spirit seems to prevail another afternoon. Sunday morning there is a
 large Sabbath School and a preaching service in Korean altar and karyls,
 by Americans, and in the afternoon one of the missionaries reads the
 service of the Church of England and ^{speaks} a short "good word for Jesus
 Christ" to a congregation of the English speaking people. Mr. John Tyler, Secre-
 tary of the American Legation, who was, most kind and helpful to us, as he
 is to all Americans, told us there were 1000 foreigners in Japanese seas.
 A dozen members of the English and a small number attend this
 service, but as Mr. Coan and I saw the forty or more who gathered to
 worship the God we serve, the tears came into our eyes. Matter Mr. Coan
 for years, nor I for some months had seen so many of our own faith
 another gathering in the name of Jesus, and our hearts quite overflowed
 as Mr. Potter read the noble prayer of Bishop Doane of New Zealand for
 the loved ones far away: "O Lord, our God, who art in every place, and
 from whom no space or distance can ever separate us, we know that
 those who are absent from each other are still present with thee O Lord,
 therefore pray thee to have in thy holy keeping these dear ones from
 whom we are now separated: and grant that both they and we, by
 drawing nearer unto thee may be drawing nearer to each other,
 bound together by the unseen chain of thy love, in the communion

of the Holy Spirit and the holy fellowship of the saints that whether or not ascending or descending best to the divine majesty we meet together here on earth we may surely meet again at the Resurrection of the just and go in together to the house of many mansions which thou hast prepared for them that have loved thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen." When the sweet old English hymns were sung, the Lord's Song in this strange land, I made no attempt to keep back the tears and could quite forgive a devout Christian connected with one of the legations whose arm stole around his wife as we sang together "Our best Redeemer ere He breathed His last farewell." It was a rare privilege to see the British and Dutch ministers with their wives in the front seats. Sir Mortimer D'Urville apart from being one of the ablest and best equipped of British Oriental diplomats, is a Christian man through and through and since his first day in Icheran has stood out and out for Christ. On Christmas day in token of his hearty sympathy with them and of the coming of a better era of good feeling between Great Britain and America, he invited all the missionaries to dine with him, at the ^{British} legation and to show where the mission cause stood in his eyes, he himself took Mrs. Poole out to dinner.

There is greater freedom for work among Moslems in Icheran and for a Moslem without dependence upon others for service or support, this expression of Christ is rarer than in any of our other stations. There are obvious reasons for this. Icheran is a city. Most of the other cities are villages in their social organization. In a village every man's actions are open to the eyes of all, but in Icheran as in our own cities a man may

has an independent ego tolerable, free from scrutiny. Moreover, the larger
 number of families, the presence of the Court, the general commercial movement,
 the larger contact with the outside world, the larger population, the absence of
 the close espionage of a more permanent community, the more intense, perhaps
 I should say the less stolid swing of life all tend to an enlargement of per-
 sonal liberties and a laxity of public opinion which make it possible
 for Mussulmans to seek the Gospel, and the hearse of the Gospel to seek the
 Mussulmans with some freedom. The houses of the women are open for
 meetings and Moslems come in throngs to the hospital and Dr. Wickham
 has as many opportunities for pushing the Gospel upon them as he can
 possibly use, but the failure of the Tobacco Monopoly four or five years
 ago and the consequent loss of prestige on the part of the Government
 which had granted concessions to it, and gain on the part of the ecclesi-
 astics who opposed it, there was a steady movement in the direction
 of religious liberty. In 1880 the government sent word to our missionaries
 through the British Legation, our own not having been established, that the
 missionaries should not allow the presence of Moslems at the service.
 Then when a ~~new~~ chapel was built ^{Moslem} boys came to the meetings and the gov-
 ernment reported to U.S. Minister Benjamin that they should be kept
 away. Then the Shih's own relatives came to hear and to the new chapel
 on the premises now occupied other men came. When the Shih heard of
 it he said, "I can not prevent their going, but let them not aposta-
 tize". Later the Shih himself visited the premises and the building,
~~however, perhaps~~ the visit might not be construed as an unquali-
 fied approval. The attendance of Mussulmans was again forbidden.

About this time the attempt was made to find water by an artificial well and great interest was excited so that a pious order was issued saying, as to women let them wait, but as to men let them go to the well or the house of worship, was which the well was sunk. Since the escape of the Tobacco Rife, however, the wallahs have been bolder and the people accordingly more timid.

Religious toleration of non-Moslems exists here to an extent surprising and illogical in a Moslem land, whose people are bidden by their Koran to fight against Jews and Christians until they pay tribute or are brought low. Perhaps, though, the Mussulmen think they have been brought low enough. But religious liberty does not prevent and does not curtail the prayer which the missionaries have ~~permanently~~ incorporated in the service read on Sunday afternoon, he ^{answered} ~~replied~~: "Almighty and Everlasting God, we are taught by Thy Holy Word that the hearts of kings are in Thy rule and government and that Thou dost dispose and turn them as ^{it} seemeth best to Thy Godly wisdom. We beseech Thee to bless Thy servant Muzaffer-ed-din, Shah of Persia, and all who hold authority under him and especially those upon whom new responsibilities may ~~now~~ come and to overrule and direct ^{as} ^{our} ^{actions} ~~their~~ ~~hearts~~ that Thy name may be glorified and Thy kingdom advanced. We beseech Thee to open a great and effectual door for Thy truth and to establish religious liberty in this land throughout all the earth. Grant this ^{most merciful} Father for Thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen".

Let us unite in this prayer

Of the schools, the hospital, the women's work, the wide field and the mighty need I shall write in the next letter.

Robert E. Speer.

Letters From Secretary Robert E. Speer

III

The Tabriz.

~~(This letter)~~

Manjesh, Persia, November 6, 1896

Provincial line of the main line of travel, and the highway from Erivan to Tabriz is an uninteresting road. [Various the possibility of rail-roads in Persia; and each day's travel shows how absurd the hope of their present introduction is] The traveler could go from Erivan to Tabriz in a long day if there were two live steamers on the lake. No Persian was content to take wages regard the, however, as an opportunity for taxation the road to be lost and there is no steamer; no Persian ever first one on. Five days steady traveling must be endured for the coast of it around the lake from Erivan on the west to Tabriz on the east. Each two nights of the journey may be spent at outstations when water is scarce here [and so are more numerous]. The first night was spent at Jorjan on the edge of the Nestorian field, back of which on a hill here is the last old Nestorian church building and here. It is a house nearly square stone building with no windows and only a small door through which one must almost kneel to enter. The little building is not used but it is a sacred spot in many lives. On the rock on which it is built looking out over the lake and the plain many thousands of Persian have given themselves over to God and many had their heads buried in the pavement of the pavement at prayer. The second night could be spent at Salmas. It was Saturday night, so we rested here on the Sabbath. The work in the Salmas plain is almost wholly for American goods there are said to be 12000 in use in the Khor district. The Persian Twenty are mixed certain Persian communities. This is the abandonment of Hapt eleven, where the Salmas missionaries resided, as a

free station, Baron Gulesarian, the American preacher in Jolitz, has been
evening a general supervision over the work. I wish the crew spoke
him to tell his life story and the history, as he told it to me of the Massa-

- v or at Schuch, near Harput, of his father and brother with the thirty other
v martyrs who followed this party out of their little church and were
slaughtered at the door.

Many of the outstations in the Salmas plain are close together and on
Sunday after the service at Shept-dewan we rode over to the Old City where
there is a good work for Jews of whom there are about 1000 in the city,
and then to Oska where the first work in the Salmas plain was done and
where Mrs. Berget was murdered. As we rode past the Roman Catholic re-

v ligious of Kharowana a funeral procession came out. A chair of woe pro-
ceeded; then came the priests in their robes and hooded hats; then the coffin
borne aloft without coffin or covering but with boards sloped facing
with dead eyes the bloating sun. A throng of men followed, another a
thrang of women with the Romish dress in purple dresses and great
white bonnets behind, at the entrance to the cemetery the procession stopped

v of the stone house which stood at the end of the cemetery wall and the
in a loud Armenian chant sounded louder and more rapid and then
the choir and the multitude passed on to the grave. It was very sad and
very dreary. Kharowana belongs to the Romanists. My horse bought the village
and ^{how} around it was, and it is noted for and ends in the most wicked
village in the Salmas plain. There is a good field for work in the plain
Many fugitives have crossed over from Turkey and were well come as they
are also from the region about Van. But the trouble through which the

Armenians have been called to pass how seemed only to harden their hearts and blind their eyes and nationalistic dreams have with many of them usurped the place of the Kingdom of God.

From Solimar to Jalviz is a dreary ride. No low breeze of the lake shows fills the air. One of the missionaries called it "a healthy breeze" and it is a well developed, vigorous odor but its healthfulness may be doubted. It is a sweet lake but the salt does not destroy the odor of the decaying vegetable matter in the bordering swamps. As twice the road leads under groves of almonds and figs trees, but in the main there are dreary wastes. In the midst of one of these miles from human habitation we met a group of twenty beggars. They sat always huddled in the middle of the road and reached their hands out to heaven as they cried for alms. Even the missionaries said they had never seen so beggary a thing. We had difficulty in escaping from their entreaties as with pieces of bread helping their words, they called upon Allah to witness to their want. I turned back to take the picture of so characteristic a thing but when they saw the black camera with its single eye pointing at them they turned and fled like deer crying: "He is picturing us a covison, He is keeping us, He is keeping us."

The sight of the trees and gardens of Jalviz with its brown buildings and the great Ark, in the centre of the city, is a pleasing sight as it comes clearly before them on the hot, stony road and the looting custom which the missionaries have of meeting the visitors "which gets long long off" is not all true of gloominess than the Orleans which the preacher den received. A few days travel in the squalor and limitation of this

lands life make one feel as a prodigal son when he comes back to the
warmth and light of Christian love. Iolitz is the most important city
of Byzhan the north western province of Persia. It is the residence of the
Governor and its bazaars are probably the largest and most character-
istically Oriental bazaars in the East since the Constantinople bazaars
were Europeanized. Everything is individual in them. John Ruskin would be
delighted. Each man has his little shop and takes it as his little trade
with his hands as his ancestors have done for ten thousand years.
There is no sign of coal or steam or machinery. All is patriarchal, primitive,
petty. The hand of progress and power has barely touched trade and has
touched tools not at all. If Iolitz were near an English boundary and
it is near Russia, the tide of the world's civilization life would thrice
through its streets. But there are no Russian shops, no Russian fire
to streets. No Russian enterprise does what there is no Russian enterprise
and never will be any, to do. Yet foreign influence is very perceptible.
The Armenians of Iolitz are an active, thriving people. Many of them wear
English dress and speak English; a "Punch" and the "Standard" has called to
be an object of ^{great} ~~any~~ curiosity.

For many thirty years our missionaries have been at work in
Iolitz. The work pursued here has been unsatisfactory to them. At times oppo-
sition has manifested itself malignantly. The schools have been closed
Moslems attending service have been arrested at the church door and
taken to prison. Mirza Shakin was a martyr for Christ in the underground
prisons of Iolitz. Jews in trade, characteristic national greediness and
greed have hardened the hearts of the Armenians. The members of communions

is more. But in a Moslem land, and in a capital city, the work can rather
be measured wholly by numerical results, desirable as definite, appreciable
results are. There has been much and constant preaching and personal evangel-
istic effort. There are many secret believers owing to the Moslem and laws
do not conceal this fact and yet are unobserved because under the
friendly protection of men of influence. The schools have sent out scores of
men and women; many of whom are doing bravely and justly. The medical
work has gained the million the friendship of the Crown Prince, now the Shah
of the foreign community, of leading Moslems and has ^{promot} and is in
more manifest ways in the future demonstrate the wisdom of our Board's
policy of emphasizing the medical work in Moslem lands. King Talon,
with discriminating insight, felt the wisdom of this, and provided for it
from the beginning in his mission in Abkhazia. And the medical work
has opened houses into which the Gospel has come with the healing brought.
The message also the word of light and truth has been carried to the
Armenian villages in the Dobruja fields.

I asked a gathering of natives ~~to~~ what were the chief difficulties con-
sidered to work among the Armenians in Persia. There were three replies:
"Love of the world, desire for money and pleasure"; "No interest for what is spiritual";
"Home life is dead and unchristian"; "Satisfaction with the foundation of the European
Church"; "A current of superstition from Russia"; "The nationalistic delusion, deepened
by the massacre"; "No Christians are to blame for our indolence and coldness";
"We must show a deeper and truer life than they possess"; "A growth of atheism
and agnosticism especially among the young men. With whom the political
passion is religion."

The present acting bishop of the Georgian Church in Azerbaijan said much to corroborate the opinions of these native workers, in two interviews. He is an intelligent, fresh man, speaking English. For five years he was in America as ^{working in} ~~acting~~ ^{head} of the 5000 Armenians who live there, the largest community. He said, in Constant, Mass. In Persia there are 10000 houses, about 50000 people, of the Armenians, 30000 of them in Azerbaijan. In Soliz they have a good educational system of their own with excellent middling. A wealthy Armenian recently built a new one for 10000 towns and presented it. In Soliz plain there is also a fair system of schools, he said, maintained by the people with some assistance from Church funds. In reply to the question, do the members of your churches do anything to prevent Christ to the Moslems? he said "No. Our priests are ignorant and have had no theological training here. We have no missionaries. There is no preaching in our own churches. I am the only vartabed, the only one who can preach here in this diocese". In answer to an inquiry as to the influence of the missionaries on the Georgian Church he acknowledged that they had greatly improved the church in the way of promoting enlightenment and practically inspiring the present school system of the Georgians. He admitted that the people were no longer satisfied with the lifeless forms and unintelligible ritual, but he was unwilling to admit that more was desirable than a little more education of their priests and the translation of the simple historical sections of the Bible into the modern language. Yet he represents probably the extreme progressive element. Not much progress can be expected from within the old Georgian Church.

The present governor of Azerbaijan is the Amin e Dowleh, one of the strongest men in Persia. He was formerly head of the Post office department

and one of the most influential of the noble advisers in Iceland, who he
was also a warm friend of the missionaries. He ~~was~~ ^{helped us to secure} the land for our
hospital there and strongly expressed his opinion of the missionaries. Dr.
Eriksdottir, he said, was a good man and a friend of his. What he had done
for the missionaries he declared he had done for the good of the people as
the missionaries were good men and did good to the people wherever they
were. I told him we should hope in America to hear of the continued well-
tenance of such a friendly attitude. There is another instance of a strong friend
won through the medical work. It is rumored that he may soon be prime minister.

The annual meeting of the mission was held in July this year and
much to the delight and surprise of our Dr. and Mrs. Hansen were able to
come, though from Koser to be present. Their reports of the opening doors
were most cheering. He paid away the Jesuites' article for a time
seemed limited in evidence, thanks to their increasing dissatisfaction
and their applications were none. The work among the Mountain Indians
is closed for the present but there is great freedom in the city of boxes
etc., for work among those to whom access is gained through the medical
missionary.

We visited in July the prison where Thorgeir Grothman was confined
and died. His jailers stood before the door. He is buried in a cemetery in
the city in the grave of a rich man whose ^{grave} ~~body~~ ^{was} ~~had~~ ^{was} ~~been~~ ^{was} ~~upon~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ^{was} ~~the~~
burial by night. Humble and honest and true, he bore a faithful testimony
and then made his grave with the wicked and with the rich in his death.
During his imprisonment Mrs. Wilson was translating for him the chapters
of Mr. Meyer's "The Shepherd's Psalm" and the last chapter sent him before

before the end was in the sentence, "though it' walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Toliz is a pleasant city to visit after days on the road and nights in the trieyes but it is not his home. When some of the missionaries came back several years ago after an absence at home, as they rode into the city, one of their little daughters said "Mamma why have we come back. Is it not so nice as America," "Yes, child," they replied, "that is the reason we have come."

I am writing in a dirty post house on the highway from Tcherou to Tschou. We have come from Howodon as fast as horses could carry us in two days, hoping to reach Tcherou tomorrow morning. ^{eleven} ~~eight~~ hours, however, we have been kept here waiting for post horses. Each hour seems to be to us as if a life is as I believe it is, the most ^{hopeful} ~~awful~~ of our sins in the sight of God, as ~~our~~ ^{our} fate awaits this nation. We live that have been told we since leaving Howodon do not know. Yesterday we passed Coasting. It is a sad and dreary position to hold, but we proceed now upon the assumption that whatever is told us is doubtful or it is false. Seven weeks experience scarcely justify an independent judgment but it induces us to be slow to deny the statement of the ancient historian, repeated by one of the foreign consuls in Toliz and by others who have spent their lives in this land. "All Persians are liars." This is doubtless a harsh and unjust judgment, but we have not yet met a truthful man on this choppy journey.

Richard S. Allen

Healing Teaching Preaching

Ashdabad, Persia, January 24, 1897.

Medical and educational methods of evangelization are sometimes spoken of as indirect methods of missionary work, while the immediate oral presentation of the gospel is regarded as the direct method. Medical and educational work may be so carried on as to give force to their distinction and in times of financial limitation they may be provided for at the expense of aggressive, wide spread preaching aiming at the immediate conversion of souls whereas the subsidiary aims and aids of hospital, dispensary or school. On the other hand medical and educational work may be made more positively and fruitfully evangelistic than much oral proclamation of the gospel. In a good station the supreme end of each department will be definite evangelization. General beneficence, a enlightenment or enlarged intelligence will not be satisfactory fruits if they pass short of positive evangelization of the most wide reaching kind. The Jehovan station has the right end in view, at least. As Mr. Ward expressed it in some long discussions we had together, as a station over the aims of our work, our plan of action, our limitations and the conditions of the specific fields assigned to Jehovan, "Evangelistic preaching, evangelistic teaching and evangelistic healing are the methods we attempt to pursue."

Of the work of the chapel in Jehovan I have already written. It remains to speak of the rest of the station's work, the medical work, under the charge of Dr. Anderson and Dr. Mary J. Smith, the latter of whom was in America at the time of our visit, include the "American Hospital";

dispensary work, and such itineration as the medical missionaries find it possible to undertake. The hospital is a well built stone building laid out on a scale too extensive for the means and force, but the ^{completed} two wings, ~~completed~~ with the well equipped dispensary just erected, ~~costly~~ cost money given in Tehran - constitute an effective plant. Every day is dispensary day, and the crowds of men and women flock into their separate rooms. The firman, under which the hospital was erected and the customs and prejudices of the country prevent the reception of women into the hospital. In solving the missionaries feel it necessary to proceed with caution in the establishment of a hospital for women in the residence of Mr. Colville which he generously gave for this purpose on leaving Persia. The Moslem would be too suspicious to allow under the blessings which Christianity would bring. The women come in swarms to the dispensary in Tehran. Dr. Wisland is obliged to act with constant tact and discretion, and under constant limitations caused by the severest prejudices of the people. I saw him remove a tumor from the eye lid of a young woman who with the aid of two friends managed to keep ^{most of} her face covered with her ^{heavy} veil ~~from the front part~~ during ^{greater part of} the operation, exposing only the eye, and not minding blood and water and pain so long as she could maintain the form of hiding her face from us, why? The was not handsome. Faces of the women are. It is only a fruit of the suspiciousness which shows itself in America in hiding the points of a race horse. Woman is an animal to be guarded, suspected, hidden from others, never to be trusted, nor are any human

things to be trusted in their relations to her, that is the cause of the matter. Each male wife is a prize animal for submission only to him. This is in the cities. In the villages women are as careless of their health as with me.

[Among the women who came to the dispensary this same morning was one with a violent attack of diphtheria, who brought as a present to Mrs. Richard, ^{who took the} ~~with her~~ three nice children, some oranges which Mrs. Richard, ignorant of the woman's disease, took. It took some time to attend to all who came. Each was required to bring a receipt for the needed medicine. Bottles are too costly in Persia to give away. It was a sad but ludicrous sight to see the legs of patients pour across, carrying such a burden of what we had been piling in broken bottles, fragments of glasses, ~~xx~~ wooden boxes, and pottery bowls.]

Medical missionaries need to be careful as to ^{assumption} ~~assumption~~ responsibility for cases. The result, whatever it may be, is credited to the doctor. A few patients it is dangerous to receive, as a few deaths in the hospital, maliciously reported in some papers talk by an enemy, never lacking in a Moslem land, might bring a period of long and bitter misbelief. Yet many ever triumph over our prudence. Men are often brought wounded or diseased to the hospital gates and thrown down there. One was left in the depth of winter in a ditch at the gate and was found when nearly dead.

[The Persians have no understanding of disease - everything among the common folk is due ^{either} to excess of heat or to excess of cold.]

and little of that sympathy for the weak and the sick which Christ has taught humanity ^{has} and Mohammed ~~has~~ ~~not~~ taught his followers. "Are they very valuable? Are there diamonds in them?" asked a Persian gentleman, casting at the hospital and looking at the stuff-free of value removed by Dr. Wisard. "No," said Dr. Wisard "they are of no value at all." "Yes," rejoined the visitor, "why do you take them out then? I supposed they were valuable, if not, what is the use of going to all the trouble of getting them out?"

There are about 5000 Jews in Semnan, with thirty synagogues. In their quarters, where they live like rabbits crowded together in their burrows, and with a taste for food less cleanly than that of rabbits, there are two ^{day} schools, one for boys and another for girls, whose children sit on the floor cross legged or with feet turned back in the Persian fashion which proves absolutely murderous to the "uncovered" foreigners. Apart from these are the two large effective mission schools, the "Iran Bethel" for girls and the Boys' School under Mr. Ward and Miss Clark. There are 577 girls in the Iran Bethel, 10 Moslems and 47 Americans. Nowhere else in Persia, have we so many Moslem girls in a school of this ^{clear} Christian character. Since the school was founded in 1875 there have been 557 girls in the school. The record of the subsequent life of the girls who have gone out, carefully kept as far as possible by the teachers, is a most interesting study, depicting the it is given credit, because of the disappearance into the great gloom of this dark unchristian life of so much of the best missionary effort.

"Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it will not
 alone." Under Miss Schenk, Miss Bartlett, Miss Dale, and Miss McCaughey,
 true, the school is marvellously efficient and the girls are taught thor-
 oughly, and not the least of their lessons is the lesson of cleanliness.
 When the Shah visited the school several years ago, and came into
 the dining room and kitchen, having secretly looked at the rest, he
 exclaimed "Clean! Clean! clean!" That is doubtless more than could
 be said of his own kitchens.

In the Boys' School there is yet a larger proportion of Moslem
 pupils. Of the 80 on the roll, about two-fifths are Americans, two-
 fifths Jews and the rest Jews and Guebres or fire-worshippers. At first
 no Moslem boys were admitted. It was supposed it might cause
 trouble. It has done so at Isfahan, but there is greater liberty of con-
 science and conduct in Iserahan than anywhere else in Persia. Now, how-
 ever, the Amin-es-Sultan, the President of the Shah's Council, who has
 ever shown a most friendly interest in the missionaries and their
 work and who now supplies the hospital with water, valued at
 one hundred and fifty dollars annually, aimed to have some
 Moslem boys admitted, and others followed his example, re-
 cognizing ~~in~~ the school as the most effective and helpful in the
 capital. It is strange that Moslems do not see how absolutely
 fatal our schools and medical work are to the life of Islam.
 Perhaps some of them do see, But the medical work ^{in every} ~~especially~~ station,
 and the educational work in Iserahan and elsewhere they patronize
 and favor though they are ^{having} ~~being~~ away the foundations of

Mohammedanism with a power that is fatal and divine. One afternoon I met the graduates of the school who are in Tehran with the older boys of the school and the teachers. Most of them were American, but one at least was an intelligent Muslim. Some were earnest Christians, and as I spoke to them of the certainty of Christ's triumph and the plan of ^{sharing} ~~sharing~~ the intervening struggle with Him, I realized more clearly than ever, the allies which even among the uncommitted or the ^{apparently} ~~apparently~~ antagonistic. (The schools and the hospitals are raising up

The power of our educational work can be appreciated better by a visit to the Mohi College, the ^{poor and decaying} attempt of the Persian government to give a possible education to the young men of the country; to the national American schools, poorly attended, poorly taught, dilapidated houses; to the "mullahs" schools where a crowd of boys, babbling loudly, gain a knowledge of the alphabet and a little parrot knowledge of arithmetic and the Koran. Miss Clark and I attempted to visit one of the Roman Catholic schools, had two bright faced nuns, French sisters, meet us after we had got through a long, tedious passage. They were very cordial, especially the head sister, but the board. Miss Clark was connected with our boys' school. Then she broke out "Oh, you are our enemy, I can not show you the school." Miss Clark replied with great tact and dignity, but we did not see the school. We are choiced sometimes with being the antagonists of ^{comity} comity and co-operation, by the Anglican and Roman, ^{and Eastern} orders, but every time on this visitation that ^{we} have sought to come closer to other agencies of missionary purpose, differing from us in few degree, I have

found

and Persian

that Anglican and Roman, as the force, and Evangelical Protestantism
the friends of that unity for which Christ longed and prayed.]

The only ^{limitation} ~~limitation~~ to 'woman's work' in Tehran is the strength and
number of the missionaries. In case of "harem" or harems, those who
bring to their sisters the story of woman's Deliverance and Union are well-
served. In the very palace of the Shah they have freely preached the Gospel of
Christ. The street cars in Tehran are divided into three compartments, one
forward and one aft for men, with an intervening one for women. This
caution of the women affords an ~~and~~ opportunity for personal work
which is not neglected, and many women have been known to poke in
the train-car. The habit of the ladies of the station to use these opportuni-
ties is known to many and results when one of them got on the car a
specially suspicious Mussulman woman whose intellectual training
had not fitted her for discussion, thought to anticipate the conversation
and viewed the new comers by looking up and down and crying,
"I am so glad I'm a Moslem! I am so glad I'm a woman!"

The Tehran station is changed with the canalization of the whole
north eastern section of Persia, as far south as the thirty fourth
degree of latitude and as far west as a line from Resht to ^{Sinjan} Sinjan
and from ^{Sinjan} Sinjan to ^{Kashan} Kashan. ^{Karaghoff} The immense area contains
many cities, ^{Kum} Kum, ^{Kasvin} Kasvin, ^{Resht} Resht, ^{Demavend} Demavend, ^{Barfush} Barfush, ^{Dengan} Dengan, ^{Enzelli} Enzelli,
Meshed.

Meshed. Meshed and Kum are the two most sacred and frequently
visited shrines in Persia and there are hundreds of villages many
of which have never been visited. The station wishes to occupy Resht
and Meshed as depots, not to be fully equipped as yet but

to be made the center of wide, terminating walk among the plantations
 of Gilan ^{Mazanderan} and Mazanderan, the Caspian semi-tropical provinces,
 and the pilgrims ^{holy} and villages of the province of Khorasan

Sept 1871

[Of the difficulties of the work I can not write at length. The mem-
 bers of the station viewed the following as some of those ^{over} which
 the Church at home viewed ^{definitely} unfavorably: that the people should be
 cleared of the bias into which they have been educated and which
 predispose them to accept falsehood: the lack of a sense of sin among
 the people, a fruit of Islam everywhere; the absence of any sense of the
 guilt ^{of} sin, where there is the exemption of it; the lack of a moral
 judgment that perceives wrong things as wrong; the ^{difficulties} in the
 way of a converted Mussulman's learning a ^{livelihood} - shall we
 say to such, "Go ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{to} ~~work~~, be ye warmed and filled and yet we give them
 not the things needful to the body?" or shall we give and establish at
 once a large, sycofantastic, parasitic, hypocritical Church? or where is
 the middle ground? —; the danger to life incurred by ^{the} expression
 of Christ by Moslems. Dr. Gordon's paper book, it was said, was
 a work of the world. A visit to the mission field is a paper book
 dream-pondering in its fulness and its detail.]

In the heart of the empire of Persia, confronting quite ^{darkness} the ^{darkness} of
 its future of life, with the true light which is the life given us by God
 have set on missionaries as General Wopen, ^{an American Christian,} ^{disciple} ^{of} ^{the} ^{Per-}
 sian army, declared with an ~~inborn~~ ^{inborn} oriental fervor, "It is an angel
 work. Yes the missionaries, they do an angel work." It is a work which
 angels and archangels may well envy.

Robert E. Speer